

The Historie of

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather liue
With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

Mor. In fayth he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Coosen,
He holdes your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humour, sayth he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
With out the taste of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In sayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtinesse, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens heartes, and leaues behind a stain
Vpon the beautie of all partes besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hor. Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,
Heere come your Wines, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,
Sheele

Henry the fourth.

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in welsh, and shee answers
him in the same.*

Glen. She is desperat heere,
A peeuisish selfe-wild harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady speakes in welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, that pretty welsh,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,
I am to perfect in, and but for shame
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *welsh* as sweets as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne mad.

The Lady speakes againe in welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harnest eceme
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

Mor. With all my heart He sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so, and those Musitions that shall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thousand leagues from thence,
And straight they shall be here, sit and attend.

E 3.

Hor.